

Sugar, Spice, and Everything Nice by AbsinthexMind

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Summary:

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Sugar, Spice, and Everything Nice

Music blared, threatening to destroy everyone's eardrums. Not that the teens of Hawkins High cared much as they were fueled by alcohol. Hormones raged making every vessel inside of you vibrate louder than the speakers. Sure you were a bit young for a party like that but you gave absolutely no fucks. You had to make an impression to your new peers, being the new kid and all. You knew Billy had already made quite a name for himself with the female population of the school. Surely you could do the same. Already you had downed quite a bit of the spiked punch available, your head delightfully swimming as you danced with vigor, not a care in the world. You had caught the attention of various inebriated guys, making you feel powerful. At home you felt suffocated, always walking on glass as your volatile father clashed with your brother and Billy continuing to antagonize your step-sister Max. The air was always charged with friction. Here though you were able to let everything go. Let loose.

Boy were you letting loose.

You giggled and let boys grind against you, careful that your bulky boots didn't crush any toes. Your dad would've said that your attire was something that only a prostitute would wear. To hell with him.

"Your the new girl, aren't you?" A pair of lips brush against your ear as you're pulled against someone's chest; their hands roaming up and down your exposed legs. Breath reeking of beer and punch but you knew your's probably smelled similar.

Casually you move in his hold to look at him. Not too bad appearance wise; not that your intoxicated brain could really tell the difference. A donkey would probably look like a stallion to you.

"That I am." you purr. If it wasn't for the alcohol you probably wouldn't be as confident in admitting you were fresh meat. You felt like you possessed the world in your hands. And you were going to seize every second of it.

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Sure Hawkins was pretty fucking boring, but after taking on a keg Billy felt like things were finally getting fun. They hailed him the new King of Hawkins High. Of course they were simple minds, but Billy would take it. It was something to keep him busy, to entertain him.

Others flocked to him, clapping and fawning over him like he was some sort of god.

He was enjoying his buzz, dancing and flirting with a few girls that weren't exactly terrible looking. Hands roaming over bare skin and asses pressed up against his crotch. Wasn't a bad way to spend his evening.

Finding your younger sister surrounded by a bunch of drunk guys though? That killed absolutely every single good feeling inside of him. Billy stomped toward them, but halted. He should've proceeded to kick their asses and take (y/n) home. Billy. . . Billy found himself mesmerized though. Mesmerized by the tilting of (y/n)'s face, shining with a brilliant smile that nearly knocks him off his feet. The dim lighting doing wonders for her as she sways her hips, lips parted and making Billy lick his own. He could no longer hear any music, only the quickening of his heart beat. Everyone else blurred and faded. The only people left were Billy and his sister.

What broke the trance was someone's lips going to (y/n)'s neck and her (e/c) eyes fluttering closed, a sign that she was enjoying it. Billy was abruptly brought back to the present; everything rushing back to him. He stomps toward where (y/n) was still blissfully unaware of what was about to go on. Billy grabs the closest guy he could and throws them to the ground. The others around his sister stop and gawk at him while she continues to dance, blind and drunk to the blood bath that was to ensue if the boys didn't scam. Luckily they got the hint seeing the anger in his eyes and scurried away. (y/n) blinks owlishly, finally realizing that she was alone on the dance floor. Her eyes struggle to focus on Billy as she wobbles a bit in her

stance. Then she giggles.

“Billy!” She practically sings and literally stumbles into his chest. Billy immediately wraps his arms around her to support her.

“What the hell are you doing here?!” He wanted to remain upset with her, but she was a giggling mess as she nuzzles her warm face against his slightly bare chest. Billy caught a whiff of her perfume and the clove cigarettes that she liked to smoke. It made him feel more intoxicated than the alcohol running through his system.

“What does it look like? I’m partying! Having a good time!” (y/n) doesn’t bother to try and keep herself up as she slips around in his arms. Cheeks vibrant with a bright tinge that almost seemed to give off a glowing effect. “Dance with me Billy!”

Tempting, but Billy knew if their father found out that she was drunk he would have Billy’s head. “No (y/n). It’s time to get your ass home.”

She pouts and wiggles around in his hold. “Noooo. I don’t want to! You always stay out and get drunk!”

“I’m older than you.”

“By a year! Just a little longer!”

“No (y/n).” He doesn’t wait for her protests as he unceremoniously throws her over his shoulder. Others watch as he walks out of the thick of the party and out into the fresh air. It was like a slap in the face after spending hours in that stuffy house.

(y/n) continues to half-heartedly try and escape. Her words stringing incoherently as Billy makes his way to his car. Normally Billy would’ve cared if a drunk chick were to throw up in his car. But this was (y/n). Not some random girl that he would bang for a night and then ignore the next day. He’d rather she threw up now than at home.

As he loads his sister inside a few girls he had been flirting with try to get him to stay. They didn’t understand the depth that he loved his sister. He would always choose his sister over any party or any slutty

girl. Billy didn't even bother to antagonize Steve Harris.

He's about to start the car when he hears quiet sobbing coming from (y/n). "Please don't take me home." She's curled up in the passenger seat, forbidding Billy a glimpse of her face.

His hands hover over his steering wheel, heart aching for her. Finally he finds the courage to gently turn her face toward him. Billy regretted it. Her eyes were red and bursting with tears. Ever since they were children Billy found himself completely vulnerable to (y/n)'s whim.

"Hey, no tears. I won't let my little sister be that kind of drunk girl."

"I hate it at home! All anyone ever does is fight." (y/n)'s lips tremble terribly as more tears spilled down her cheeks. "Let's run away Billy! Just you and me."

Cupping both sides of her face he brings their faces closer together so that he can press his forehead against her's. "Oh man. You're completely wasted." He finds himself chuckling. If only they could run away. (y/n) made it sound so simple. Billy's thumb rubs against her cheek to wipe away a trickling tear.

"Let's just leave. Please Billy. I don't want to go home." Whimpering she clings onto him.

Billy could already imagine it. Driving away in his car and find some run down motel to stay in until they figure out where to go. Living off of greasy fast food. No. He wouldn't be able to support her if they were to run away. And surely even though Neil Hargrove was a shit father he'd be looking for them. And when he did find them. . . Billy didn't really want to entertain that idea.

"We have to go back (y/n). It'll be okay." She was starting to cry again as Billy did his best to console her. Eventually she did calm down a bit, enough for Billy to start the car and begin the quiet drive home. At first Billy assumed (y/n) had fallen asleep.

Her quiet voice sounded almost childlike. "Remember when we were little and had to bathe together?"

Again Billy chuckles. It was so random. "Yeah."

"Remember when I asked what your penis was and how come I didn't have one? And then I pulled on it." (y/n) slurred, her eyes closed probably in an effort to stop herself from throwing up.

Glancing over at her quickly, Billy's grin widened. "Yeah. I remember. Hopefully my dick is the only one you've seen since then." He meant for it to be playful, but deep down he was serious. Billy couldn't imagine what he would do when (y/n) finally decided to start dating. When she started being sexually active with other guys. Billy would have to control himself from beating any unworthy suitor bloody.

"Before we moved, that boy from down the street showed me his dick. You know, the one that always flirted with me when I went to go get the mail."

That made him swerve slightly. "That little—"

"Relax Billy. He's all the way back in California. Besides, your dick still looked better than his." Words trailing off, (y/n)'s head lolls against the car's headrest and passes out.

Parking in the driveway, Billy just sits there for a moment and turns to (y/n). She shows no sign of waking up anytime soon. Fingers light as a feather, Billy brushes a few stray strands that clung to her face. He'd done so much for her. Kissed her scrapes, put ponytails in her hair, and beat up anyone who made her cry. He doubted he could ever love someone more than he loved (y/n).

He loved her too much though. That love sometimes blurring on the border of lust.

The trek inside was a little more tricky. Billy had to jostle (y/n) in his arms as he struggled to open the front door and (y/n)'s bedroom door. He refused to drop her though until he was able to safely lay her in her bed.

"You owe me (y/n). You're lucky dad and Susan aren't home." Already knowing the hangover that his sister was to get in the

morning, Billy moves her onto her side and moves the trash can closer to her bed. Despite her drunken state Billy still thought she looked like Sleeping Beauty. God how (y/n) loved that movie when she was little. (y/n) had watched that VHS so many times that she ended up breaking it. She had cried so much that Billy ended up using all the money in his piggy bank to get her a new one.

She had made it seem like he was her prince charming after that. Billy couldn't even fool himself that he was (y/n)'s prince. Maybe for a moment he could live in the fantasy though.

One hand pressed into (y/n)'s headboard and the other cupping (y/n)'s face, Billy leans down to capture her lips. Something he'd only ever dreamed of doing before.

"Hey (y/n), can I—" Max stops right in (y/n)'s doorway, eyes wide.

Even Billy is unsure of what to do. He's caught, that's for damn sure. The first instinct that comes into his mind was to threaten her. That always seemed to work. Now though?

Her fearful blue eyes flick from an unconscious (y/n) to Billy who has straightened himself up, gaze hard on his step-sister who could very well ruin his life further. Without another word, Max turns the other way. It makes Billy jump into action and go after her.

"HEY!" Billy shouts. "You're not to tell shit to no one! You got that?!"

"What were you doing to her?" She whips around, face reddened and nearly matching her hair. "Were you going to hurt her?"

"I would never hurt her!" He snaps, greatly offended by the insinuation. "So just keep your mouth shut."

While Billy had constantly made an effort to shit on Max's every waking moment, (y/n) had made an actual effort in trying to be a good sister. In turn Max had sought refuge with (y/n) whenever Billy would get too out of hand. She would give Billy an earful.

Max wasn't going to stand down if she actually thought Billy meant to do harm to (y/n).

Billy saw that, the fierceness in her eyes and determination in her stance.

Heaving a sigh, Billy runs a hand through his hair. "Look, I wasn't going to hurt her. I would never hurt her. Never (y/n)."

"Then what were you doing to her?" Max persists.

He's about to tell Max that he was just playing out a fantasy of his. Instead he chose to keep that secret to himself, even if it did make him look bad. "None of your business. Now fuck off."

Max watches him slam the door of his room. She looks back to a sleeping (y/n). Of course she believed that Billy would never hurt (y/n). He loved his sister. His real sister. Max didn't have to worry about that. Still it bothered her, the sight of Billy kissing (y/n) on the lips in such a loving manner. Like something you would see in a movie. She couldn't quite explain what she saw and she didn't really want to linger on it. But Max was certain that she had never seen Billy so gentle. So vulnerable.